

get in some good trouble tonight by QueenWithABeeThrone

Category: Critical Role (Web Series), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Attempt at Action, Canon-Typical Violence, Crack Crossover, Crossover, D&D references, Gen, character injury, monster fighting, pls someone give steve harrington a break

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Grog Strongjaw, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Percival "Percy" Fredrickstein Von Musel Klossowski de Rolo III, Scanlan Shorthalt, Steve Harrington, Vex'ahlia (Critical Role)

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson

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Summary:

Vex says, "Percy, dear?"

"Yes?"

"What happened to your leg?"

Percy shifts a little in his seat. "It's a very long story," he starts.

"He almost got eaten by a demodog," Dustin says, helpfully, shortening the whole story into seven totally inadequate words.

or: the Party meets the party called Vox Machina.

1. there's gonna be a lot of strange

Author's Note:

title is from REO Speedwagon's "Good Trouble".

this is mostly just me dipping my toes into another fandom via crossover, and also imagining how incredibly happy Dustin would be to meet *anyone* from Critical Role. (takes place in some vague time post-Whitestone arc, I think? I'm still just barely out of the Kraghammer arc.)

pls feel free to imagine that the rest of Vox Machina has gotten scattered across Hawkins and have run into the rest of the cast. I, for one, am laughing at the idea of Scanlan and Grog ruining Nancy and Jonathan's date.

Summary for the Chapter:

"I was handling the situation until the two of you waded into the fight!"

"We kinda had to," says Dustin, who seems supremely unfazed, "we're like, the experts on the Upside Down here."

"I'm sorry," says Percy, "what?"

Notes for the Chapter:

chapter title is from REO Speedwagon's "Let Me Ride".

"Oh my god, Dungeons and Dragons has gunslingers?"

Percy's not sure how he ended up sharing the backseat of a horseless carriage with an excitable preteen, but he figures it's got something to do with a Plane Shift that, apparently, went horribly wrong.

“Stop asking the nice and injured possibly insane man about the fantasy guns,” the young man in the front seat grits out, veering wildly right to avoid colliding into what the boy had called a *demodog*, “and call Hopper already Dustin god-fucking-dammit—”

“Possibly insane,” says Percy, a little bit offended and a lot unhappy, what with the pain shooting up his leg from where one of those demodogs attempted to maul him. “I was handling the situation until the two of you waded into the fight!”

“We kinda had to,” says Dustin, who seems supremely unfazed, “we’re like, the experts on the Upside Down here.”

“I’m sorry,” says Percy, “*what?*”

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So.

The gunslinger.

Dustin’s not entirely sure how the guy somehow tripped into a nest of demodogs, let alone how the guy tripped into their world at all if he keeps talking about the world of *Dungeons and Dragons* like it’s real, but he has a feeling it’s got something to do with a spell gone horribly, terribly wrong. That’s always how these things start, in his admittedly limited and mostly fictional experience.

Anyway: so. He and Steve had been patrolling around the outskirts of the woods, because after last year’s bullshit with the Mind Flayer, they’d all decided that it would probably be for the best if they kept an eye out for anything that smelled even vaguely like the Upside Down. Or, well, Hopper had decided, and the rest of them had taken his decision to the logical extremes.

Technically, Dustin shouldn’t be tagging along tonight. But, shit, tomorrow’s Saturday, and all his homework’s done, and he’s not exactly going to let Steve go after demodogs alone, now, is he.

And demodogs there were! Demodogs and some guy shooting at them with a really big gun, which apparently kept them at bay. The guy had looked a little frazzled, but he’d been holding his own, and then

a demodog had gotten the drop on him and knocked him off his vantage point.

And that's how Steve and Dustin ended up with a weird guy, his huge gun, and his injured and bloody leg in the backseat of Steve's car. The guy'd been unconscious at first, and Dustin and Steve had a frantic conference about him and his gun and his stuff and what if this was some kind of trick by the Mind Flayer—

"A *mind flayer*?" the guy had said when he stirred awake. "Those things were being controlled by a *mind flayer*?"

"You know what a mind flamer—" Steve had started.

"*Flayer*," Dustin had corrected.

"Flayer is?"

"Of course I damn well know what a mind flayer it is," the guy had snapped, "I had to fight some!"

Dustin had, predictably, freaked out.

So here they are now: Steve, Dustin, and their weird new friend, careening down the road and running over a couple demodogs along the way. It's like, the best fucking day of Dustin's life, demodogs aside, learning that somewhere in a different universe, mind flayers as he knew them before the Upside Down happened are not only real, so is everything else in *Dungeons and Dragons*.

Then a bear runs out in front of them, and Steve swerves wildly to the side.

"*Fuck!*" he yells, as they skid to a stop. "What the hell, what in the goddamn *hell*—"

"Right," says the guy, pressing on the seatbelt and trying to clamber out of the seat, "I know that bear—"

"Whaddaya mean, you know that bear?" says Dustin, alarmed, just as an arrow embeds itself into Steve's windshield. Steve makes a small, terrified whimpering sound, eyes wide, and Dustin immediately

yanks his door open and clambers out to see a woman, with a bowstring pulled taut, on top of the bear.

“Who are you?” snarls the woman, as Steve also clambers out. “And what the hell is going on?”

“Lady, why the hell are you on a bear,” says Steve, just as weird guy very carefully pulls himself out of the car.

“Vex!” says weird guy, with a palpable relief in his tone.

Weird lady, apparently named Vex, lowers her bow and says, incredulous, “*Percy?* Where *were* you? And where’s everyone else gone?”

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Steve’s having the weirdest night of his life.

Or, you know, one of the weirdest nights of his life, anyway. He’s got Dustin in the backseat, happily chatting up a weird and probably-not-nuts guy with a large gun and fancy clothes, and a very lovely woman in the front seat with pointy ears and now a bear in her fancy necklace, pulling an epic action movie move and fucking shooting *arrows* at the demodogs trailing behind them.

One arrow gets set on fire.

“*So cool,*” breathes Dustin, craning his neck to see. At least he’s enjoying this. Steve’s just trying to keep them all alive and uneaten by demodogs, which means going as fast as he can without possibly getting Vex-or-whomever seriously injured because he didn’t notice a sign in her way, or something.

“You still haven’t explained just what those *things* were,” says Percy-or-whatever.

“Demodogs,” says Steve. “They like eating people and cats. Sometimes cow.” He risks a glance at the rearview mirror, and sees the last of the demodogs beginning to fall behind.

“Steve!” says Dustin.

"Plenty of things enjoy eating people and cats and sometimes cow," says Percy. "You're going to need to be more specific."

"They're creatures from—you'd know it as the Vale of Shadows," says Dustin, and Steve can imagine his eyes are just twinkling with delight. "We call it the Upside Down here."

"Apt name," says Percy.

Vex squirms back into her seat. "All right, now that those are taken care of," she says, "where are we? And where are you taking us?"

"Hawkins, Indiana," says Dustin. "We're taking you to a hospital."

"Out of the fucking woods, that's where we're going," mutters Steve. Fucking demodogs. Fucking whatever the fuck these people are. Fucking *February*. God, he hopes Nancy and Jonathan are at least having a better time than he is. Probably they're making out in the backseat of Jonathan's car at the drive-in.

His gut twists oddly around, at the thought of it. He shoves that ruthlessly down. He's not going to think about Nancy, or Jonathan, or the complicated tangle of emotions the both of them have tied him up in since last year. He's *not*.

And then Vex says, "Percy, dear?"

"Yes?"

"*What happened to your leg?*"

Percy shifts a little in his seat. "It's a very long story," he starts.

"He almost got eaten by a demodog," Dustin says, helpfully, shortening the whole story into seven totally inadequate words. "We saved him, though," he adds, which is still not adequate, but Steve will let it slide. There's no way anyone can really summarize what the hell happened tonight in a satisfactory manner, and Steve should know. He's been spinning stories in his head for the nurse since they loaded Percy into his backseat, and figuring out how to explain everything to the Chief since Vex's arrow broke his windshield.

Seriously, who the fuck uses a bow and arrow these days?

"I wouldn't have needed saving if neither of you had waded in," Percy tersely says, which, rude of him. Probably understandable, Steve will realize later, owing to the leg and all. "For so-called experts, you made some *very* amateur mistakes."

"*Hey*," says Steve, pride bristling at Percy's biting words, "between the three of us, *we're* the ones who've fought those things before. If anything, *you're* the amateur."

"*I beg your pardon—*"

"We have very different fields of expertise," says Dustin, quickly, grabbing hold of Percy before the guy can lurch forward to kick up an argument that Steve does not have the time or energy for, "but for what it's worth you were doing really good until that demodog tried to maul you."

"Really," says Vex, surprised and grateful to Dustin anyway despite Percy's words, and underneath Steve can hear a thread of worry, for the weird and tetchy guy in his backseat. "Thank you, ah—"

"I'm Dustin, and that's Steve," says Dustin. "Are you an elf? What's Percy?"

"I'm human," Percy supplies.

"Half-elf," Vex corrects, and this is now officially the weirdest night of Steve's life. Counting the one where he was in the Upside Down.

He drives on.

2. hit me baby one more time

Summary for the Chapter:

“What even was this thing, anyway,” says Grog, prodding the dead demogorgon with his foot. “Looked all—toothy and weird. Might’ve seen somethin’ like it before, I dunno.”

“Noooooot exactly,” says Scanlan. “Unless you count those stitch-monster things? Because I don’t, I’ve been trying to put them out of my mind. Oh, shit. If this is another one—”

“I have no idea what that is,” says Nancy, “but I’m pretty sure this thing here is definitely not one of them.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I know Britney Spears' "Hit Me Baby One More Time", which is where the chapter title is from, isn't an 80s song, but Scanlan don't give a shit.

“What in the fuck,” says Jonathan, panting. There are things you just don’t expect to run into on your way to the drive-in, and a fully-grown demogorgon emerging from an alleyway is one of them. Just—there’s no way you can prepare for something like that, no matter how often it happens.

A very short guy in weird Ren Faire clothes and his very tall and heavily-muscled friend with a giant axe are two more things that Jonathan did not ever think he’d run into, going to the drive-in. Usually, the thugs are large and carry something a little less ostentatious than an axe.

Nancy lowers her smoking gun, stares at the bloody remains of the demogorgon, and says, “All right, that’s new.” Her eyes tick up to the giant man’s, and she says, calmly, “Who are you guys?”

“And what the hell are you doing here?” Jonathan adds. Times like

these he wishes he carried a weapon or something, like Steve's bat or Nancy's gun. Still, he shifts closer to Nancy, just in case, and eyes the big guy and his axe. It's still dripping demogorgon blood.

The little guy bows to them, taking off his hat with a little flourish. "I'm Scanlan," he says, "and this is—"

"I'm Grog," the big guy rumbles. Jonathan's entire body tenses up.

Scanlan continues: "See, I was hoping *you* might be able to answer that second question. As far as Grog and I know, we were on our way back to our keep."

"A what," says Nancy.

"Uh, Greyskull Keep?" says Scanlan.

"You're shitting me," says Jonathan. "The closest thing I know is this thing Will made up for Mike's campaign last week, and they called that *Blackskull* Keep." They've still got the drawing hanging in the house, because Joyce is nothing if not proud of her sons.

"That is *so wrong*," says Scanlan.

"What even was this thing, anyway," says Grog, prodding the dead demogorgon with his foot. "Looked all—toothy and weird. Might've seen somethin' like it before, I dunno."

"Noooooot *exactly*," says Scanlan. "Unless you count those stitch-monster things? Because I don't, I've been trying to put them out of my mind. Oh, shit. If this is another one—"

"I have no idea what that is," says Nancy, "but I'm pretty sure this thing here is definitely not one of them." She flicks the safety of her pistol back on and re-holsters it, watching the demogorgon's dead body like she's scared it might get back up anyway, despite the gaping hole in its neck. Or whatever passes for its neck. The hell of it is, Jonathan wouldn't be surprised if it got up anyway.

Fuck this town and fuck its propensity for monsters.

"Oh, and by the way," says Scanlan, casually waving a hand at

Nancy's gun, "where did you get that?"

Nancy gives him an odd look, and says, "It was a gift."

"I gave it to her," says Jonathan. "It used to be my dad's, and she's a better shot than I am."

"And where'd your da get one o'those?" says Grog, eyeing Nancy with some surprise. "My friend, he's the only one who's got somethin' like that, and he's not a fan of lettin' anyone he doesn't trust have one."

"He bought it," says Jonathan, just as something roars, just distantly enough for him to have trouble pinpointing where it's coming from. He frowns, then turns. "Did you guys hear that?" he says.

"Hear what?" Grog says.

"It sounded like—" starts Jonathan, before he remembers: the demodogs, surrounding the house, their screams rattling in his ears, and before that, the demogorgon's toothy maw, opening up like a flower. He looks back at Grog and Scanlan, then at Nancy, who's taken her gun out once more.

She points it at the screaming, snarling creature that's just emerged from a tear in the wall.

"Get in the car," says Jonathan.

"Get in the *what*," says Grog.

"*Get in the car*," says Jonathan, grabbing Nancy's elbow. "That's another demogorgon, and unless you guys have another trick up your sleeve—"

"I've got *lots* of those," starts Scanlan.

"Not the time to show them off!" snaps Nancy, yanking her elbow out of Jonathan's hand. "Go, go, I'll cover you guys!"

"But you're squishy!" says Grog. The axe spins in his hands, and some demogorgon blood spatters into Jonathan's eyes. Ugh. "You shoot, I

smash, Scanlan and, uh—”

“Jonathan,” Nancy supplies, shoving Jonathan a little further away. “I’m Nancy.”

“Jonathan,” Grog continues, “get in the car—”

“Going, going!” Jonathan says, picking up Scanlan like he’d pick up Will, when they were younger. The little guy’s feet flail around a little, and he flings a hand out and mutters something under his breath.

Lightning, fucking *lightning*, streaks out of Scanlan’s hand and crashes right into the demogorgon, knocking it back.

The demogorgon staggers back to its feet, snarls, and *leaps*.

Nancy’s gun goes off, *one two three*. Grog screams, more in fury than in pain, and that terrifying axe of his crashes against the demogorgon’s body. Jonathan hears bones break even as he’s running away, and bile bubbles in the back of his throat.

He yanks the car door open, and shoves Scanlan unceremoniously into the backseat.

“Hey!”

“Strap in,” says Jonathan, chancing a glance back as he gets into the car, a bad idea popping into his head. “Nancy! Get out of the way!”

“*What?*” says Nancy, but Grog seems to have heard Jonathan just fine, because in the next moment he’s picked Nancy up by her waist and hauled her up over his shoulder. She swears at him, but gets her gun back up to shoot at the demogorgon.

The car roars to life, the moment Nancy and Grog have gotten clear out of its way. Jonathan puts repair costs out of his head, looking at the demogorgon in the headlights, and presses his foot down hard on the gas. In the backseat, he hears a thud and a curse.

“I said *strap in*,” Jonathan snaps out, in the seconds before the car crashes right into the demogorgon and his face thuds right into the

steering wheel. An awful screech rings through the air, and Jonathan isn't sure whether that's the metal bending or the demogorgon dying. He doesn't really want to check.

He forces himself to, pushing himself up and wiping the blood off his face. Scanlan scrambles up behind him and says, "Is it dead?"

Then the demogorgon's clawed hands shoot out, the sharp tips burying into the hood of the car. It pulls himself up, dragging jagged, awful lines down the hood.

A gunshot roars in Jonathan's ears.

The demogorgon rears back with a scream.

Then an axe crashes into the back of its head, and the next thing Jonathan knows, his windshield is *covered* in viscera.

Nancy opens the passenger door, her gun already holstered, and says, "Oh my god, Jonathan, *what was that?*" She squints, then curses, and says, "Okay, stay still, I've got something here for that cut—"

"I thought you guys might need some help," Jonathan says, hands shaking from the adrenaline of the crash.

"Oh, no need for that, Miss Nancy," says Scanlan, easily, patting Jonathan on the shoulder. Then he opens his mouth and starts to—sing?

"Show me just where we are right now, I'll heal you, baby, so you can tell us now, oh, because—our loneliness might soon kill us, lit'rally!"

Jonathan turns his head towards Nancy, who's raised an eyebrow at him. Then her eyes grow wide, and something grows *warm* in Jonathan's head. The pain flares for the briefest of moments, before it begins to grow duller and duller.

"I must confess, we're kinda new to this scene! Please don't leave us or we'll lose our way, please save our day!"

What the fuck, Nancy mouths.

“Heal you, baby, one more time!”

“Yeah, that one’s a *classic*,” says Grog, with a bright grin. It’d be less terrifying if he wasn’t covered in demogorgon bits, but as things stand, Jonathan can’t help but shrink away from him a little. “So, uh. Where’re we?”

Jonathan touches his forehead. There’s still blood on it, but somehow the wound he’d gotten from smashing the car into a demogorgon has just—vanished.

“Uh,” he says, staring at Scanlan and trying to process just what the *fuck* is going on here. God, he’d only wanted to take Nancy on a date. He hadn’t signed up for either the demogorgon or—whatever Scanlan and Grog are, because, and he can’t believe he’s thinking this, he’s pretty sure they’re *not human*. “What just happened? Who *are* you people?”

“I’m Scanlan, that’s Grog—”

“We *know* that,” says Nancy. “But we’re going to need a longer explanation than that.”

“Somewhere other than here,” says Jonathan, craning his neck. He can’t see any advancing demogorgon or demodog at the moment, but that doesn’t mean shit with a monster that can rip holes in the fabric of reality. Besides, there’s demogorgon bits spattered all over his windshield. “We’ve got to get out of here before more of those come by—shit, and I can’t see anything—”

Scanlan snaps his fingers, murmurs something under his breath. In a flash, the blood and gore are wiped right off Jonathan’s windshield.

“Uh,” says Jonathan. “Thanks?”

“I repeat,” says Nancy, “who *are* you people?”